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Over the Nuts and Wine

By FRANCES COURTENAY BAYLOR

[illegible]

ney and talked Bragg's army and the campaign into Kentucky all midnight, while Sallie and her flock of chickens went off to bed. Next morning I breakfasted equally well, and was even more in the mood for administration, for he had asked me to dine, and it was a name that every Texan knows. I may say in all modesty, for my people are spread all the length of Texas, and when I got ready to leave, he asked me to stay a week, a month, and rest. I knew better than to offer them more than a couple of dollars in the baby's nightgown, so before starting I said to him: 'Look here, I want to know what made you so sure that I would stay. I don't go. I was well mounted. I was properly dressed; I was civil, and I couldn't understand it at all.'

"Well, you tell you the truth. I took you for one of them Howard's freedmen Yankees that's running all over this country huntin' trouble, and you had the nerve to tell me that. I was just about to draw a bead on you when you spoke of campin' out. Them rabbit-bait breeches was mighty agin' you."

"This bit of American vernacular almost choked our young Englishman. He hadn't heard such American, and he had to swallow it in the first five minutes in which to make it in."

"Pray tell us another," he urged, when the general laughter had subsided.

The traveling man from the West meanwhile had burst in with: "Did you ever hear—talking of grubby breeches—the trial of a German emigrant?"

"What is your age?" he was asked, on duty.

"And your wife?"

"She is thirty-two."

"Cordial agreement between counsel, and even the judge had to laugh when

he looked at the pair of them."

"I can't stand chaps that don't tub," said our Englishman.

"Englishmen are all companions of the Bath," said the lady from Baltimore. "Aren't they?"

"O, of course, one must have one's bath! One might as well be expected to do without a tooth brush! I know I had one of those in the Blues, and then I ascertained because my officers had tooth brushes, and he couldn't possibly stop on. But we aren't all the same. I assure you. The queer fellows of England you Americans have! Now, colonel, give us another war story."

"But the war story that amused me most was this," said the Confederate veteran:

"One of Pickett's division who left a letter at Annapolis was warmly hailed by an expansive young man in Washington as 'comrade' one day at the club.

"What," said Johnny Reb, "I don't see it. You don't call those skirmishes, that come opera, that small boy Spain spanked by a giant, a war, do you?"

"Yes, young man! Four of our mother wants you. She wants to give you some candy and put you in your little trundle bed. War, indeed?"

"No, no," said the young man, "the Federal officer (retired) in the corner; those fellows made more fuss over that tea party than we all did. One of our boys was killed in that. It makes me sick to see 'em with medals and ribbons and badges and dinners every year—enough to fit out the whole Japanese army, besides our boys who were killed in that little shindy at all, Colonel?"

The Veteran: "Six mules, one old mule and a young boy, is the official estimate, I believe."

and one oyster boat dismantled of its tongs.

The Diplomat: "Except in the Japanese War, nothing more terrible in the way of a war is known in history than yours. It was superb. Your courage—c'est la guerre!"

Federal officer, Confederate veteran (simultaneously): "Yes, we certainly did—Ahem" Both stop, embarrassed.

Baltimore Lady: "O, don't talk of wars! This is a happy time for everybody. Wasn't our plum pudding good?"

My little boat had three helms and cried for a fourth."

English Lady: "But surely you were given the child three helms of such a rich dish!"

Donald: "That's correct. It's a scientific fact that little boys' legs are hollow; were made so to hold goodies at odd hours." But still, we shouldn't give in to young, irresponsible things like that. They'd simply never learn self-control. In England nurse gentlemen give the larger children two, but the tots only had a taste. I hate it myself. I always did."

English Artist: "You remind me of Donald's wife, Elsie."

Baltimore Lady: "Tell us about her."

English Artist: "Donald's wife had been drowned, and the neighbors spent two days looking down a drain for her body, while Donald stayed at home comfortably by the fire and smoked for the first time since his marriage the pipe of peace; for Jean had been a terrible scold. When told that she was nowhere to be found, Donald took his pipe out of his mouth and said sententiously: 'Hoot, mon! You've no been lookin' in the right place, gals. Tell you to speer there, look upstream, mon! Jean was against'—"

contrary." (Laugh.)

mind. I don't say often—men some times are fools!"

English Lady to her husband sweetly: "There's a nasty one for you, Fred."

Confederate Officer: "He also said that women create half the troubles and boasts the power of soothing."

Young Lawyer: "I should say from my professional experience that that is quite true."

Diplomat: "C'herchez la femme! All ways it has been so. As for me I like to let the ladies talk. They are so delightfully fluent."

Confederate Veteran: "I am fond of a squirrel in a tin cage myself."

Young Lawyer: "Women are never logical. They have no basis for their argument, as a man does."

Baltimore Lady: "What on earth! Give her enough pretty clothes and she'll convince Solomon and conquer Timon of Athens. And an ugly one!"

Hostess: "I hate all this talk about men versus women. I believe in both. Men make dresses better than women could at Worth! They can even trim bouquets in a party."

The Diplomat: "What would you do with a man who cut out his wife's clothes and made them all on the sewing machine? He would be crocheted, and embroidered, and even tattooed and darned as well as any woman could know."

Confederate Veteran: "Put him in a hobble skirt and then drown him."

Federal Officer: "Shoot him on the spot. Don't ever mark the grave."

English Lady to her husband: "I don't think these rather extreme measures? The Americans do not seem to even expect their men to be decent. They are always boiling. It is hot and freezing when it is cold, and dying

bands are as plenty as blackberries in August in this country? She can have any of us this minute at the dropping of a handkerchief. Higgs, there is on the bargain counter, marked very low, for terrible surplus, due to the weather. Baron Dupont de Lynes is the latest com from Paris; the colonel is warranted to be given by a lady, and that is all the guarantee wanted nowadays: my Virginian friend of every class is the natural prey of every cheat and rather hacharrange of Roosevelt are given. It would be a mistake.

The hostess: "And think of her husband's chances in this country!"

Old Virginian: "Yes. Virginia is thick with pretty girls and Marylanders are a good deal of a young Englishman whose father has arranged for him to marry a nice girl on the next estate, and when he determined to check on one condition was given a near Baltimore. He promised: traveled over this country and Mexico, and on an English friend in Chicago, the house of an beauty: married her, telegraphed, and said: 'Keep my word. Caught on the wing.'"

Confederate veteran: "Yes, in the midst of life we are in matrimony. This is a thing to happen. When they occur here we just go on. The first woman gone to the kitchen," and accepted gracefully the inevitable. I think myself that the best wanted to make sure of a cook, and accepted the first Englishman she met. Unless she has got one under her own bonnet, and Americans are told to do that."

Federal officer: "True! I think that the first thing served up at every American dinner was the roast mis-

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Hostess: "O! we women, now that you are stirred up things so hot to catch it on all sides are all always wrong. You've heard of the English vicar who said to his curate: 'When in doubt what to preach about, preach the Pope.' Well, even my husband has caught the fever. I told me this morning that I talked too much. Mamma said I said it of me. Ethel rarely says anything."

"That is another matter," said our friend, "and I don't care to be rude. I should say, 'I am sorry.'"

At English Artist: "My wife stops three times every year—on Christmas, on St. Nicholas' day, and on St. George's day. Don't you, Ethel?"

Confederate Veteran: "Did you ever hear of the man whose wife was getting so tired of him that she ground him so hard that he hadn't spoken to her for three years? Well, when the judge asked her what excuse he had to offer for such conduct, she said, 'I don't know, make what you do think he said.' The villain, the wretch, the monster, said, 'Judge, didn't like to interrupt her!'"

General: "General?"

English Lady: "Well, you men are very sharp about us, but it is my belief that you are all a good deal of the blues about our cheerful chat."

Old Virginian gallantly: "You men are perfectly right. Many a woman has said something of naughty things adored the petting of fifty years. There is nothing better on earth than a good woman."

German: "German?"

There are canyaback ducks, and mint Julens, and urttle soup, and blue points."

Diplomat: "They talk like nismack, in nine languages, silent."

Artist: "And pictures and books and scenery and scenery. We are not absolutely dependent on tobacco and cigars, and there is tobacco cigarettes, cigars, pipes."

Old Gentleman: "Yes, as Thackeray says, 'a pipe opens the lips of a philosopher, and shuts the mouth of a fool.'"

All-millere Lady: "Then it is invaluable for men sometimes. Now."

When there is really nothing the matter with a man, and everybody is so crazy about everything, I noticed so when I first came over. There was a girl from Ohio in the next cabin who had a hair curler in her hand from her hair when she combed it in the morning. And I said: 'O! there must have been a milton! Did you count them? And do you know she got quite huffy over it!'

"Miss Nix: "My governess used to always say to me: 'Ethel, remember that if you ever say anything that is not true, you will be sure to find out, for words being untruthful; and to be untruthful is simply to be disgraced—in life!'

"Traveling Man: "We like it with the bark on in the West."

"The Diplomat: "I have heard of a Frenchman who went to school in England, and he told his parents that he came home that it was very chit to tell the truth at Oxford."

"Old George Washington: "He mightily amused the other day to hear of a little boy who broke his father's face with a cane and tucked it away out of sight. He said: 'I wish I could see his father found it. He took the youngster on his knee and tried to tell him that he was a bad boy for a noble thing truth always is. He told him about George Washington. And then he said solemnly: 'Son, do you know how to break a cane? He told the little fellow said at once: "I know how," and he said he had been George Washington."

"The Englishman: "Charles Reade says that whenever a woman gets into a difficulty she flies to a lie, like a rat to a hole."

"Young Lawyer: "Well, now, do you know, I can imagine a woman like this English lady telling a lie—"(uproar)—"and I can imagine a man like this one for you, Ethel, dear!"

"O! Fred! Mamma and Miss Nix both said that when they wanted to know what had really happened to ask Ethel."

"Young Lawyer: "You interrupted me! I was about to say 'to save the life of her husband.' I have read several cases of the kind."

"Confederate Veteran: "But why save

terrible. We are all being so really terrible. Our charming homes for lack of servants."

Traveling man: "My wife can get as good a meal of victuals as ever you put in your mouth in an hour any day. We haven't got any servants, we learn our girls to do their part in life and he of some use in the world, say."

English artist: "Well, my wife is an awful duffer about cooking, about as bad as Dora Copperfield, who ordered a leg of beef at market, and expected four hams from every grocer. But she's cabbages about her ears." Tell them, Ethel, about it. Strange to think I have no wish to change her."

A Confederate: "I like the husband who thought every man was to be allowed to exchange one forty for two twenties."

An English lady: "O!" (An English "O," and Englishwomen have 37,000 ways of saying "O.") "like Balzac's Frenchwomen with their cabbages." The story that husband wishes told is that duchesses had offered a prize of £10 estate. When the greedy-hearted vicar made his official rounds of confirmation he felt sorely puzzled what woman that was kind about a tiny patch in one corner told is this: "Too," widow's garden. Nice cabbages those, Mrs. Hobbs—such a nice green, and the head so big. Well, after a bit, too," he contrived to say.

"Yes, sir," replied the widow, with air of gratified pride, as she settled her apron down over her lap. "The Lord has been on my side in the matter of cabbages this year."

Mrs. Stoke-Poffington: "Now, you see why I call my wife cabbage?"

The girl who has been a particularly nice one: "I said! How goes the enemy? Be half-past 12, and we have had a jolly evening, haven't we? Good-night! Good-night."

Frances Parkinson Butler